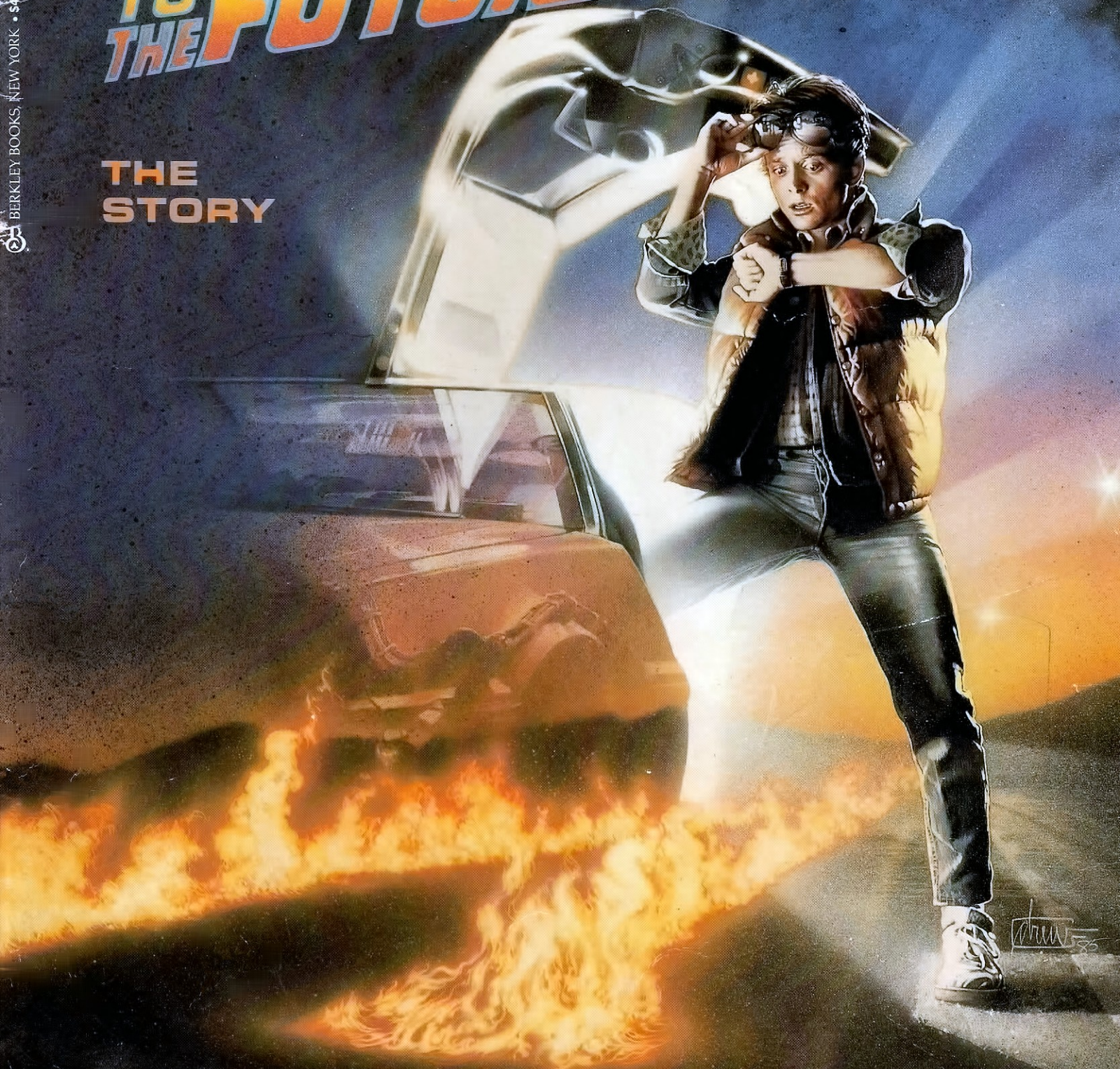


Steven Spielberg presents a Robert Zemeckis film

BACK TO THE FUTURE

THE
STORY

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BACK TO THE FUTURE

THE STORY



Adapted by Robert Loren Fleming
from the novel by George Gipe
based on a screenplay by Robert Zemeckis & Bob Gale
Designed by Deborah Bethel

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BERKLEY BOOKS, NEW YORK



Marty McFly could see his own breath in the chilly autumn air that filled Hill Valley Town Square. He walked up to his girlfriend Jennifer, who waited for him there, and smiled.

“My dad’s letting me use his car next Saturday night,” he told her.

“Oh, Marty! It’ll be our first official date!”

Jennifer threw her arms around him and gave him a big hug.

“Well, it’s a crummy old car,” Marty sighed, “but someday, when I earn enough money, I’ll get that four-by-four truck I’ve had my eye on and we’ll go out in style.”

Suddenly a voice boomed in Marty’s ear. “SAVE THE CLOCK TOWER!” it shouted. A woman stuck a can between Jennifer and Marty, causing both of them to jump in surprise. “Please give some money to save the clock tower!” the woman said.

Marty dug a quarter out of his pocket.

“We at the Hill Valley Preservation Society feel that our clock should be kept exactly the way it is,” the woman continued. She pointed to the big clock on the tower of the town courthouse. “Thirty years ago lightning struck that tower at exactly 10:04 P.M., and the clock hasn’t run since. The mayor wants to replace it, but we feel it should be left as is.”

Marty dropped the coin into her can and it made a loud clank.

“Thank you!” the woman said, gratefully. “Don’t forget to take a flyer. It tells you all about the clock tower.” Marty took the sheet of paper and shoved it into his pocket. Nearby, a car honked loudly.

“That’s my dad,” Jennifer said. “I’ve got to go!” She kissed Marty and ran to her father’s car.

Marty smiled. He was feeling very happy, and looking forward to his Saturday night date.



Marty went home and his happy feeling quickly faded as he watched a bright red tow truck back the remains of his father's car into the McFly driveway. Marty could hear Biff's voice all the way from the street. Biff was his father's boss.

"I can't believe you did this, McFly!" Biff yelled. "I can't believe you loaned me your car without telling me it had a blind spot! I could've been killed!"

Marty kicked open the screen door and stepped into the house. Just as he'd suspected, his father, George McFly, was backed into a corner. Biff had smashed up George's car, and yet George was apologizing to Biff! "I'm really sorry, Biff," he said.

"And what are you staring at, creep?" Biff said to Marty. Marty just glared at Biff and didn't say a word. Biff pushed Marty aside and walked out the front door.

Later that evening at the dinner table, Marty was still upset about the car. Now he would have to cancel his date with Jennifer. There was no use talking to his father about it. George McFly always let people push him around, he was always picked on by bullies, and he always did whatever anyone told him to do. Marty loved his dad, but he found it hard to have any respect for him.

Marty's mother, Lorraine, was also no help.

"That girl Jennifer called while you were out, Marty," she said between mouthfuls of cake. "I'm not sure I like her. Any girl who calls up a boy is looking for trouble. When I was a girl I never called a boy or asked a boy for a date."





“Oh, no,” Marty thought. “Here it comes—the dreaded first date story!” Sure enough, his mother went into her favorite tale, telling Marty for the millionth time how her father—Grandpa Baines to him—had hit Marty’s dad with the family car, and then carried George into the house for first aid.

“He seemed so helpless,” Lorraine said softly, putting down her fork, “like a little lost puppy. My heart just went out to him.”

“The very next weekend we went on our first date,” she continued, “The ‘Enchantment Under the Sea’ School Dance. It was the night of that terrible thunderstorm. Your father kissed me for the first time on the dance floor...and that was when I realized I was going to spend the rest of my life with him.”

“That’s a nice story, Mom,” Marty lied. He got up from the table and gave her a kiss on the cheek. His dad was laughing at an episode of *The Honeymooners*, and Marty gave him a friendly pat on the back on his way upstairs. His parents were getting old right before his eyes. His mother was overweight and graying, and his father was always being pushed around. It made Marty sad. He really did love them, despite everything.

Marty went up to his room, fell into bed, and began to read. He soon dozed off, but was awakened with a start when his phone rang. He looked at his clock. It read "12:30 A.M."

"Hello, Marty?" said the voice on the other end of the phone. "This is Doc Brown." Doc Brown was a local scientist and inventor, and Marty's good friend. He was always working on some crazy gadget or invention. "You didn't fall asleep, did you?"

"Uh, no, of course not," Marty answered, sleepily.

"Good. Don't forget, I need you to meet me at Twin Pines Mall at 1:15 A.M.," said Doc Brown. "I've got something truly incredible to show you!"

"Right, Doc," said Marty, who was very curious. "I'm on my way." Marty grabbed his skateboard and ran out of the house.



Minutes later, Marty glided into the parking lot of the shopping center and swung his skateboard to a quick stop. There stood Doc Brown beside the strangest car Marty had ever seen in his life.

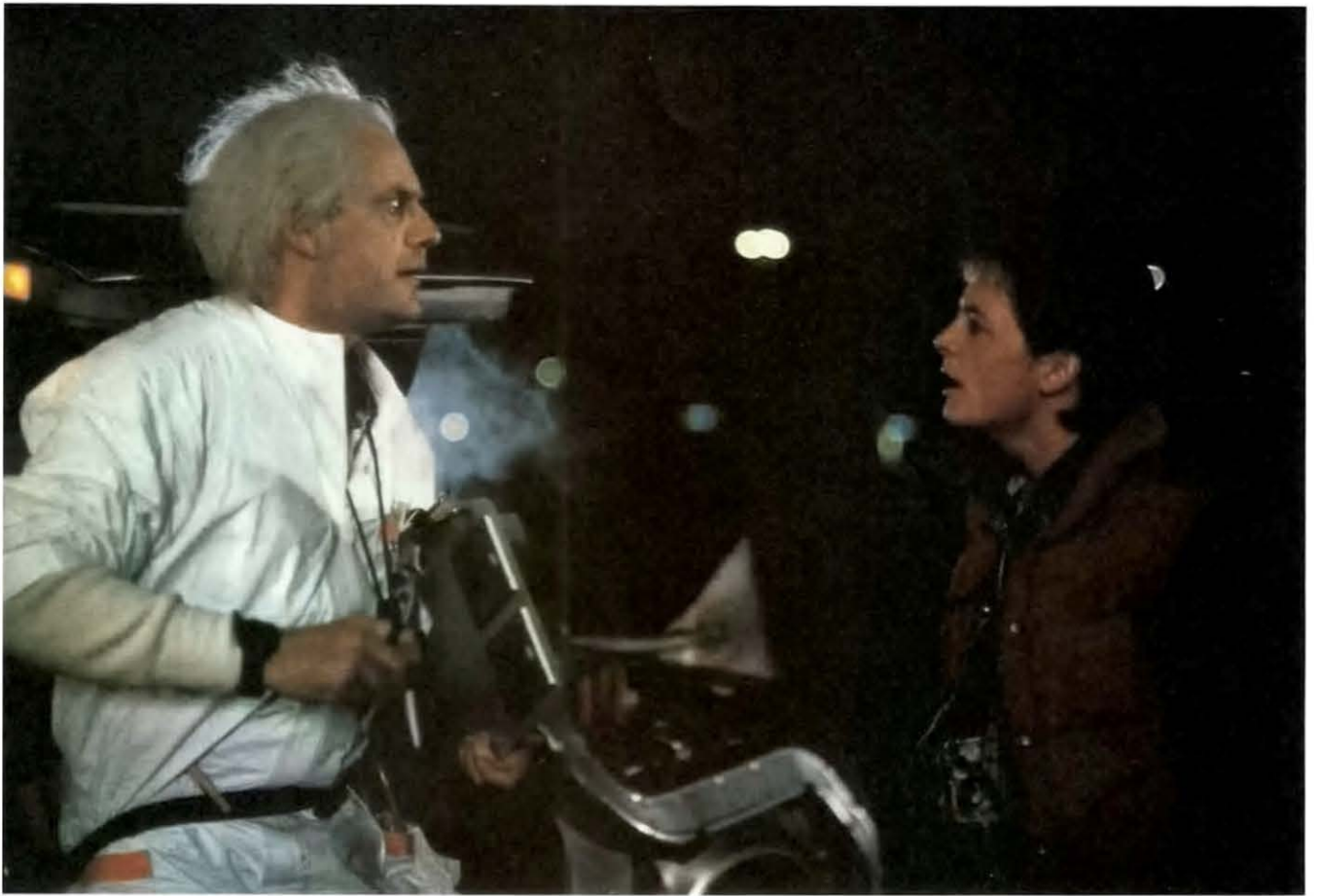
"How do you like my time machine, Marty?" Doc asked him. "It used to be a DeLorean car, but I made some changes."

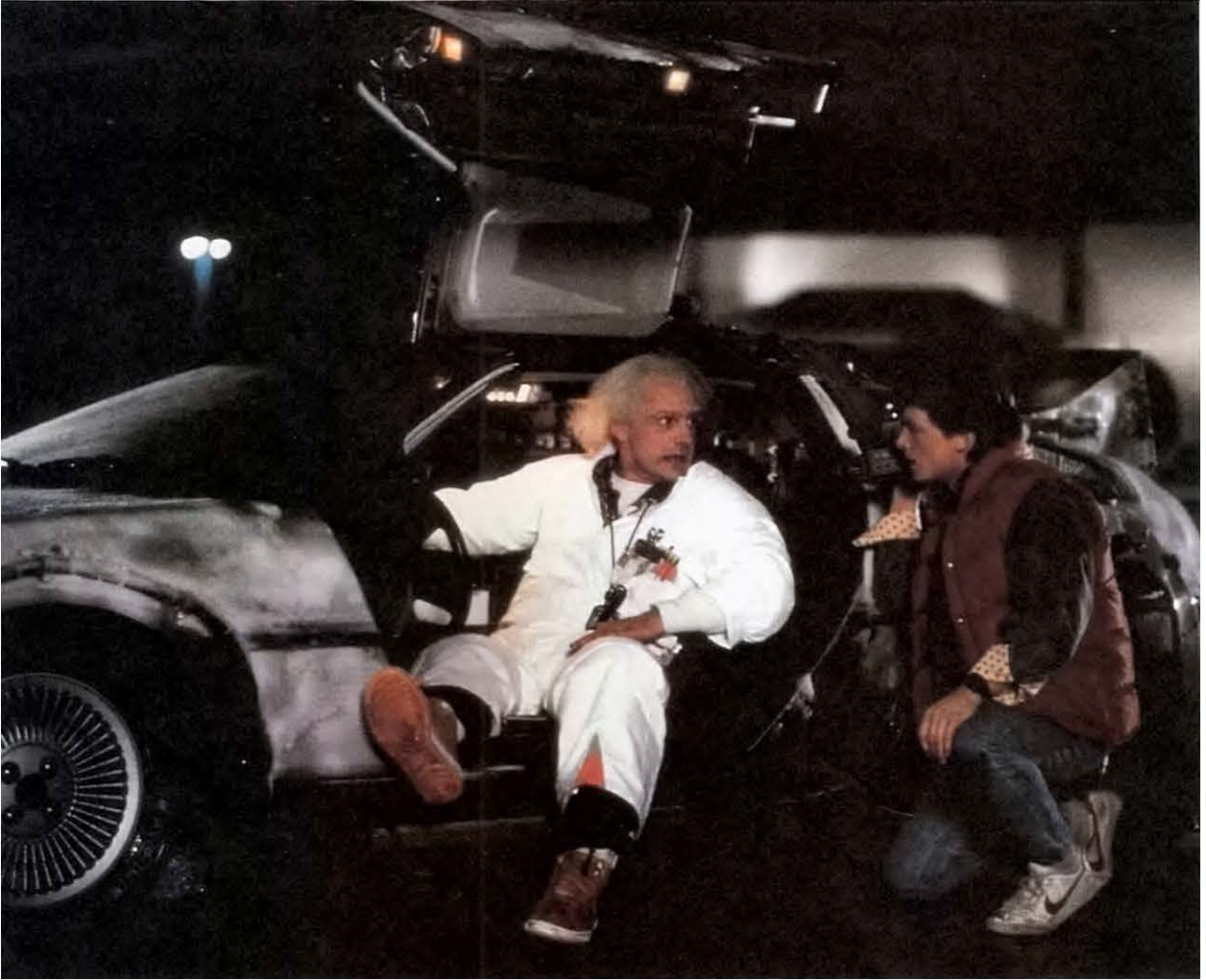
"I'll say!" Marty exclaimed. "It looks more like a rocketship than a car. How does it work, Doc?"

"It runs on plutonium," Doc explained.

"Plutonium!" Marty gasped. "But that's the stuff they use to build nuclear bombs!"

"You're absolutely right, Marty," said Doc, "but in this case it's perfectly safe. You see, I needed a huge amount of energy to run my time machine. One day, some Libyan terrorists brought me this plutonium and asked me to build them a bomb. I tricked them and kept the plutonium for my time machine instead. Here, put on this radiation suit. It will protect you while I load the plutonium."





Doc swung open the door of his time machine.

“Look at this, Marty,” he said, pointing to the car’s dashboard. Doc turned some numbers on a dial so that they read 11-5-55. “This is the gadget you use to set your destination,” said Doc Brown. “Say, for example, you want to go backwards in time. Let’s use November 5, 1955 since that is the day I created the formula for my time machine. You just set this dial to 11-5-55—November 5, 1955—and start driving. When you reach a speed of 88 miles per hour—KABOOM! You’re instantly sent back through time!”

“Are you going into the past?” Marty asked.

“No, Marty,” Doc replied. “I’m going into the future. To the year 2015.”

However, before Doc Brown was able to reset the dial for the future, he and Marty saw a large, black van speeding across the parking lot directly toward them.

“Oh, no!” Doc gasped. “It’s those Libyan terrorists whose plutonium I stole. Somehow, they’ve found me!”

An angry man rose up through the open sunroof of the van. He aimed a machine gun at the startled inventor.

“Run, Marty!” Doc yelled.

The gunman opened fire. Doc clutched his chest and fell to the pavement. Marty could hardly believe it—his good friend Doc Brown was dead!

The gunman turned and fired his weapon at Marty. Marty leaped into Doc Brown's time machine. He slammed the car door and started the engine. The car took off and the black van sped after it.

Marty put his foot down hard on the gas, and the car suddenly shot away from the van. A few seconds later the time machine hit 88 miles per hour and instantly disappeared in a blinding streak of colored light.





KABOOM! The shopping mall was gone and Marty found himself speeding through a cornfield. WHAM! The time machine crashed into a barn and came to a sudden halt.

Marty got out, looked around, and realized that he was on a farm. "I don't know where Twin Pines Mall went, but I just want to go home."

Marty located a familiar highway and finally found his way home. He started to turn onto his own street—but it was gone!

“It can’t be! My whole neighborhood is missing!” Marty exclaimed. Then he looked at the destination dial on the car’s dashboard. It read: “November 5, 1955.”

“It works!” Marty gasped in astonishment. “Doc’s time machine actually works. I’ve travelled thirty years into the past. My neighborhood hasn’t even been built yet!”

Suddenly, the car’s engine died. Marty tried to restart it, but it was no use. The fuel light read: “Empty.” Marty was out of plutonium.





Marty hid the time machine in some bushes and hiked into town. But when he arrived in Hill Valley, it was not at all like he remembered it. Marty didn't recognize any of the old-fashioned shops that surrounded the courthouse. All of the cars that drove past looked like antiques. A loud bell began to chime overhead.

"Holy cow!" said Marty. "That's the old clock tower—it's not broken! I've travelled back to a time before it was struck by lightning!"



Marty entered a little soda fountain and took a stool at the counter. He needed time to figure out what to do. Just then, a familiar voice called out his name.

“Hey, McFly!” the voice said.

Marty turned to see who it was. He didn’t notice the boy on the next stool who turned at the same time. Marty was too surprised to notice anything. The voice belonged to Biff, his father’s boss. Only this Biff was barely older than Marty!

“I’m talking to you, McFly!” said the young Biff—except that he wasn’t talking to Marty. Biff was speaking to the boy on the next stool. Marty’s mouth dropped open. The boy sitting beside him was his own father, George McFly!

“Hey, McFly! You were supposed to do my homework for me,” Biff said to George. “So, where is it?”

“Uh...uh...you’re right, Biff,” answered George. “I’ll go do it right away!”

Before Marty could even open his mouth, George had run out of the soda fountain, hopped on his bike, and headed down the street.





Marty ran after him. He finally found George up in a tree, trying to see into the house across the street. Suddenly, George slipped and came crashing down, right in the middle of the road. Just at that moment a car turned the corner, headed right for George.

“Dad!” Marty screamed. He threw himself into the middle of the street and pushed George out of the way. The car kept coming, and Marty recognized his grandfather behind the wheel just before he bounced off the hood and passed out.



Marty woke up in a dark room. “Mom,” he moaned. “Oh, I had a terrible dream.” Sitting beside him on the bed was his mother. He couldn’t see her face, but he knew it was her by the way she tilted her head, and the way she held her hands in her lap.

“You’re going to be all right now,” his mother said. She turned on a lamp beside the bed. It was Marty’s mom, all right—except that she was a very young and very pretty girl!

“You’re so—so—” Marty tried to find the words. “So—thin!”

“Why, thank you,” his teenage mother said to him. She smiled. “That’s so sweet of you. You were so helpless when my father carried you in. Like a little lost puppy.”





Marty's mouth went dry. It was the dreaded first date story! Marty's grandfather was supposed to have hit George McFly with the family car, but instead he hit Marty! Lorraine was supposed to have fallen in love with George while taking care of him in her house. Instead, here she was taking care of Marty!

"By saving my father from getting hit by that car, I've just stopped him from meeting my mother!" thought Marty. "If they never meet, they'll never fall in love and get married. And if they never get married... I'll never be born!"

Marty suddenly realized that Lorraine was still smiling at him. He remembered that her heart had once gone out to his poor, helpless father. And here was Marty, taking George's place. He decided to get out of there as quickly as possible.

"I've got to find Doc Brown!" Marty said, as he ran out of the room. "I feel better. Thanks. See you... Lorraine!"



Marty didn't stop running until he got to Doc Brown's house. He stepped up to the front door and rang the bell.

"Who are you?" a very young-looking Doc Brown asked. He was in the middle of an experiment and didn't wish to be disturbed.





Marty told him the whole story.

“I believe you,” said Doc Brown, handing Marty a sheet of paper. “This is my formula for the time machine. I only thought of it this morning, but you’ve described it perfectly. Quick, let’s go get the machine and bring it here!”

Before long, Marty and Doc managed to tow the time machine back to Doc’s lab.

“There’s only one problem in getting you back to the future, Marty,” Doc told him. “Power. Here in 1955, I have no way of getting any plutonium. The only other thing powerful enough to run the time machine is a bolt of lightning, but we have no way to tell when or where one is going to strike.”

“Oh yes we do!” said Marty, remembering the flyer about the clock tower. “The lightning!” he exclaimed. “I know when it’s going to strike!”





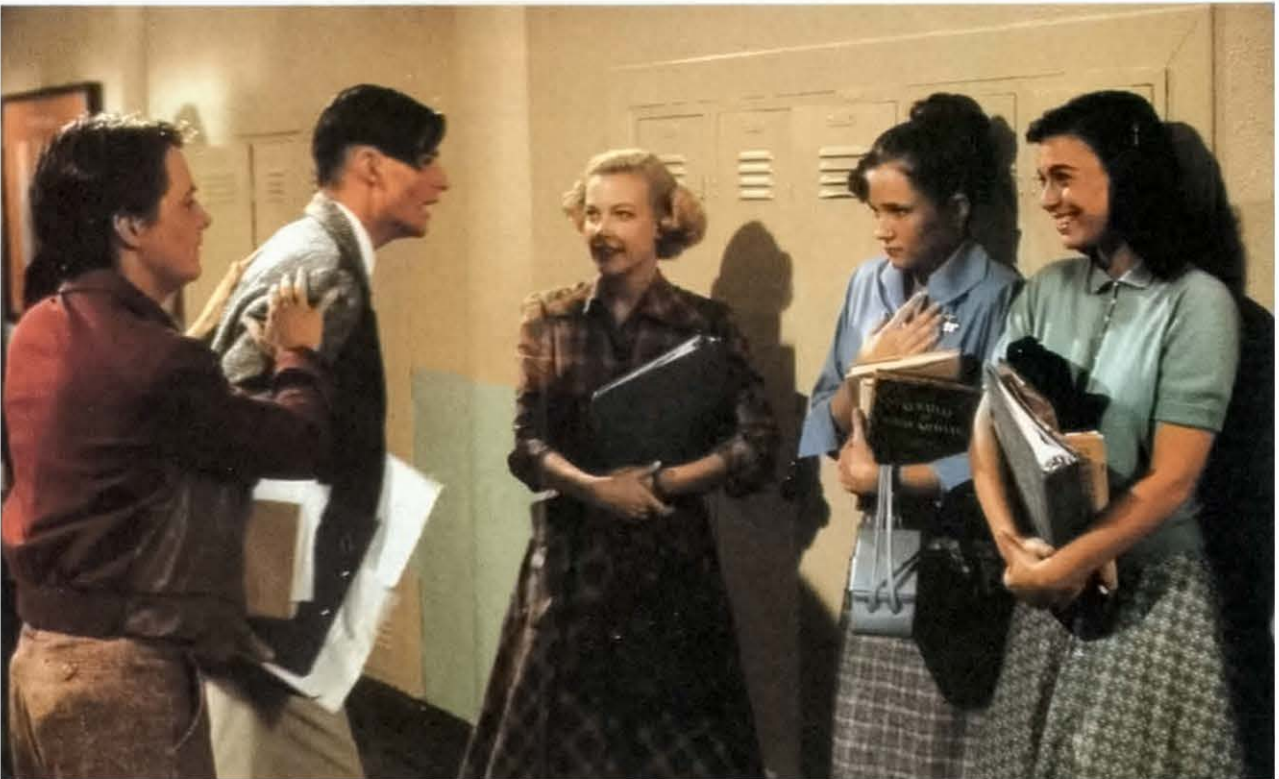
Marty reached into his pocket and handed Doc Brown the flyer. Doc read the large print. It said: **Lightning Strikes Clock Tower.**

"According to this flyer," Doc Brown began, "lightning will strike the courthouse this Saturday night at exactly 10:04. This is perfect. I can rig up something to channel the energy from the clock tower into the time machine," he shouted with excitement. "But we still have one problem, Marty."

"My parents, right, Doc?" said Marty.

"That's right," Doc replied. "If you don't get them together before you leave for the future on Saturday, you may just vanish on the way back to 1985. You can't exist in the future unless your parents meet and fall in love!"

"I understand, Doc," Marty said. "You take care of my trip home, I'll work on George and Lorraine."





The next morning Marty went to the local high school. There, he found his father being yelled at by the principal. “Mr. Strickland!” thought Marty, “picking on dad just like he picks on me in 1985!”

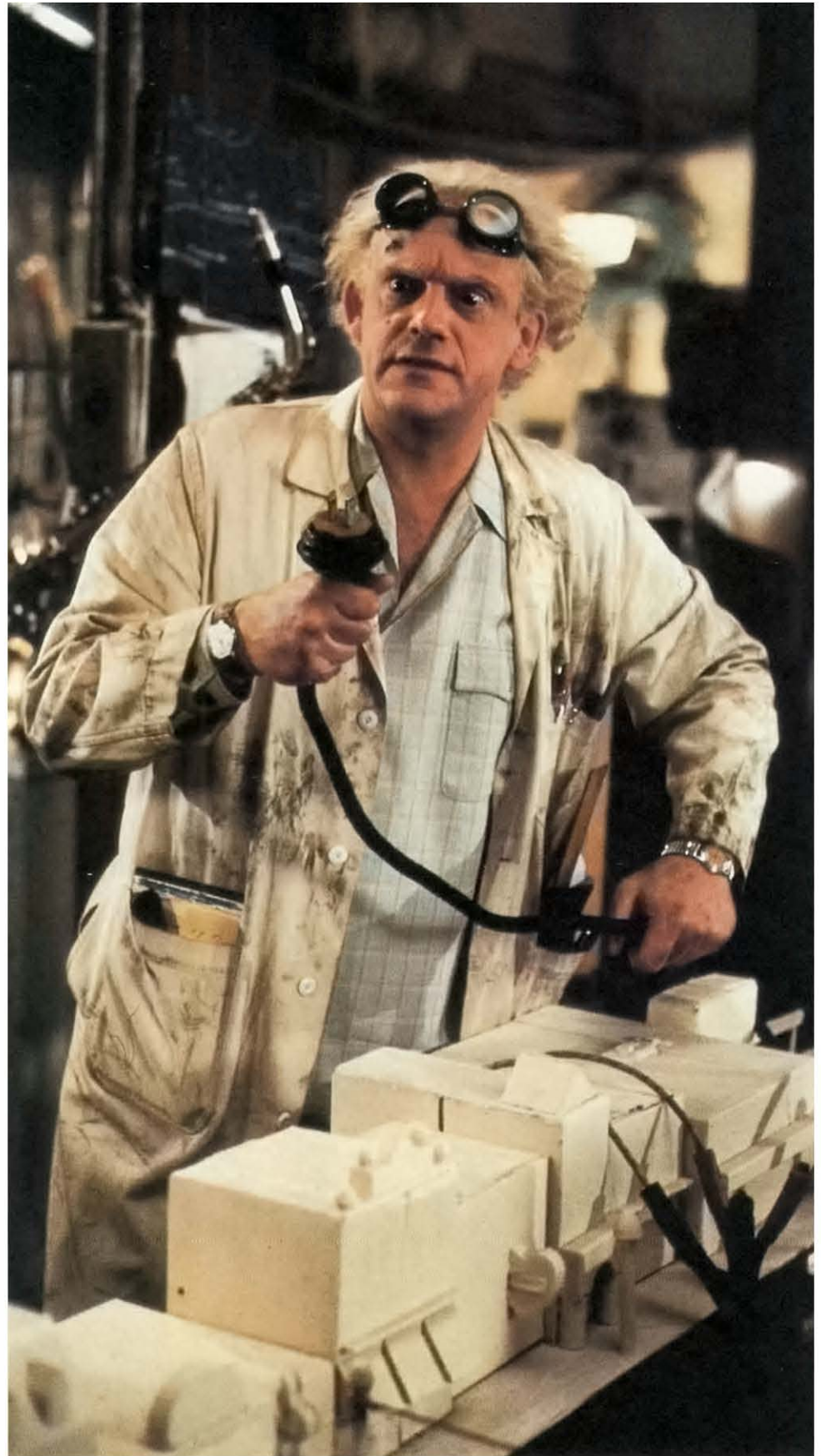
When Mr. Strickland walked away, Marty grabbed George by the arm. “Hi, George,” Marty began. “Remember me? I’m Marty. I saved your life yesterday.”

“Oh, the car. Right,” remembered George. “Thanks, Marty.”

“Listen, George,” Marty continued, “I met this girl yesterday named Lorraine Baines. She’s got a crush on you. Come on, I’ll introduce you.”

George didn’t really believe Marty, but he followed him over to the lockers where Lorraine was standing with some of her friends.

“Lorraine,” said Marty, “I’d like you to meet George McFly.” But Lorraine was not interested in George, she had a crush on Marty!





Marty left the school discouraged. "How am I ever going to get them together?" he thought. He returned to Doc Brown's and found him hard at work.

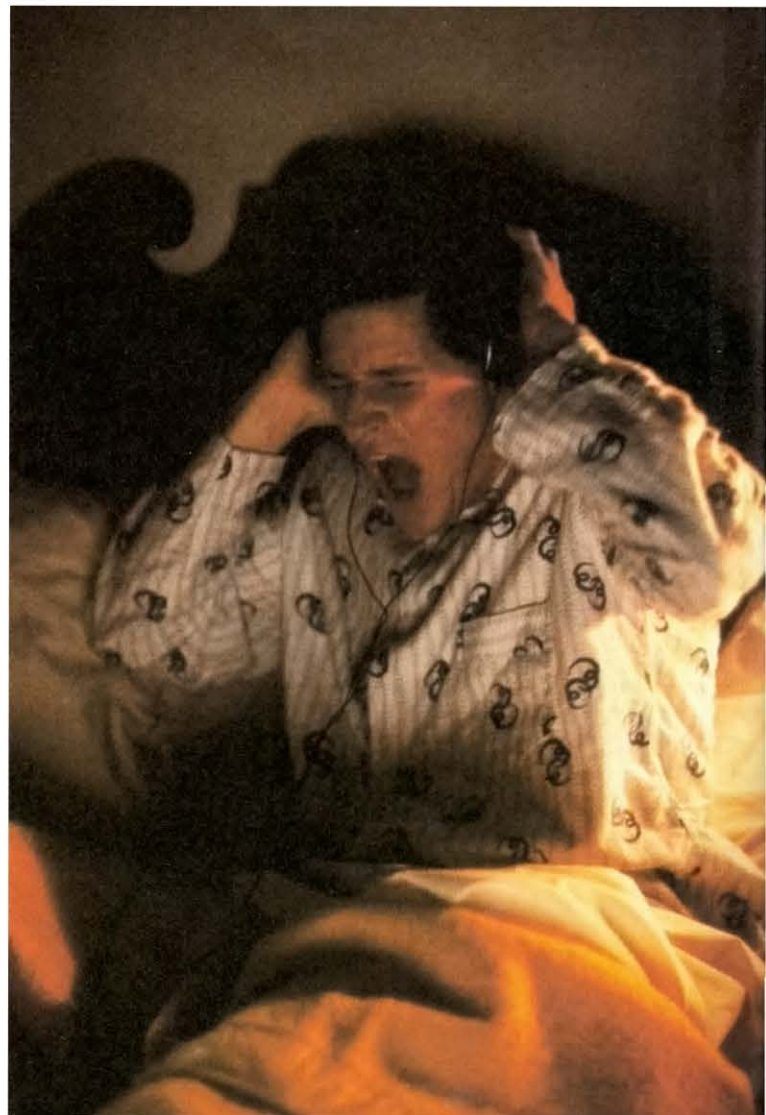
"It's all set, Marty," Doc said. "I'm going to run a wire from the clock to the street. All you have to do is drive the car under the wire at exactly 10:04 P.M. Saturday night, make the connection, and you'll be on your way back to the future."

"That's great, Doc," said Marty, "only I didn't do so well with my folks."

"You've got to keep trying, Marty," said Doc. "You've got to think of something!"

"Listen, Doc, there's something I've got to tell you," Marty began. "It's about what happens to you in the future."

"No!" Doc Brown yelled. "You're not to tell me anything about my own personal future. Having that knowledge, I might do something that would alter the course of history. It's too risky!"

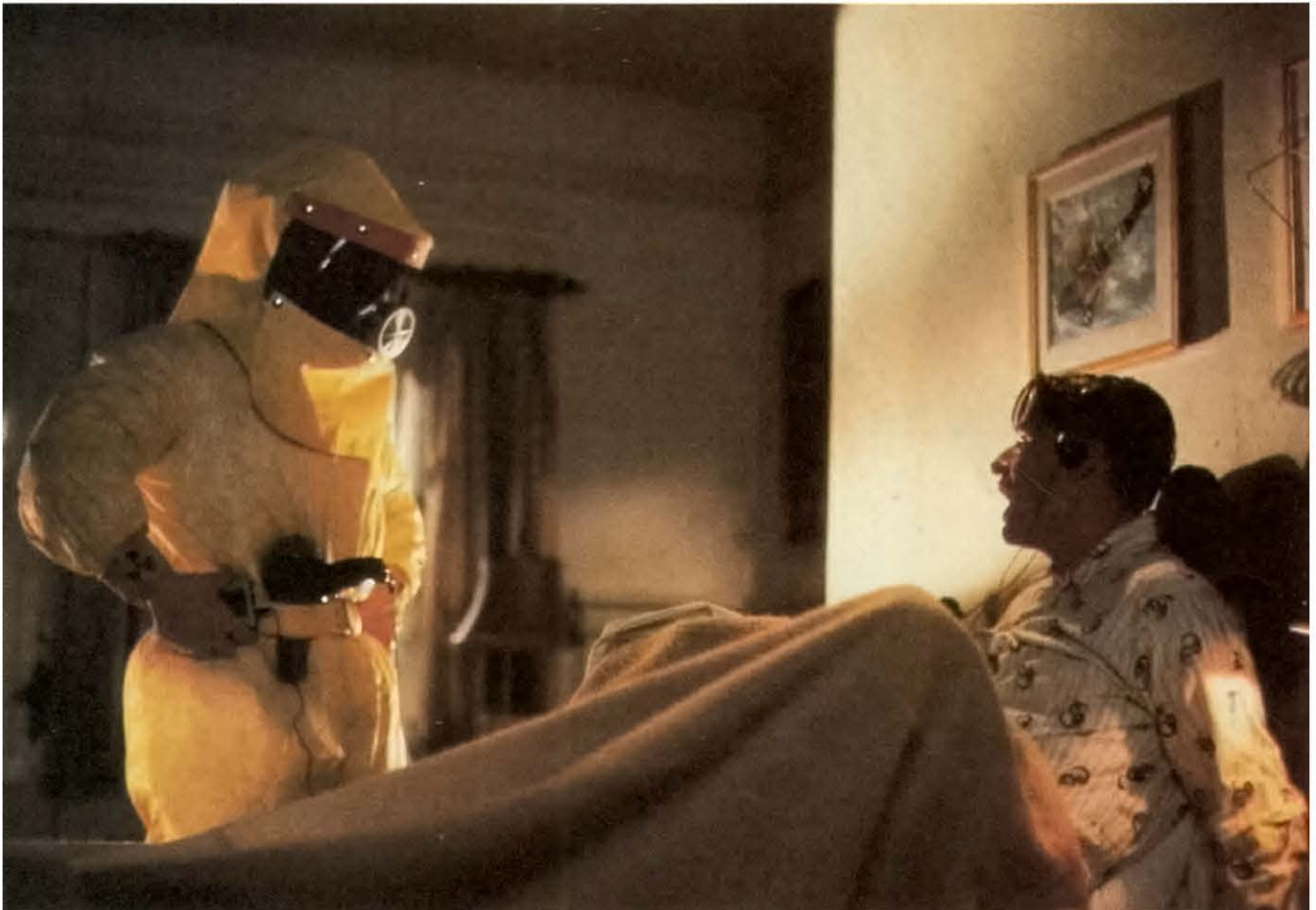




That night Marty put on his yellow radiation suit, took his portable cassette player, and snuck into George's bedroom. He slipped the headphones onto George's ears and blasted loud music which woke George up.

"I am Darth Vader—an alien from the planet Vulcan!" Marty began. "I have come to give you the courage to ask Lorraine to The 'Enchantment Under the Sea' Dance. Tomorrow you will ask her!"

George was terrified. He loved science fiction and believed in aliens. Marty's trick had worked.







The next day George ran into Marty and told him about his visit from the alien. Full of courage, George went into the soda fountain to ask Lorraine to the dance.

Just as George was about to ask her out, Biff walked in and began to pick on his favorite pushover.

“Hey, McFly!” Biff yelled. “Keep away from that girl! I’m reserving her for myself!”





Marty was so angry at Biff for spoiling George's chance, that he tripped Biff and sent him flying. Biff and his friends started to chase Marty, but Marty borrowed a little boy's scooter and pulled off the top, creating a homemade skateboard. The bullies tried to catch Marty in Biff's car, but he was too clever for them, and too fast on his skateboard.





“I thought you were just super the way you took care of Biff and his friends, Marty,” Lorraine said afterwards. “I was wondering if maybe you’d take me to the dance this Saturday.”

Marty was shocked. Here was his mother asking a boy for a date!

Marty said yes, but he had a plan. Later that day he explained it to George.

“Let me get this straight, Marty,” George said to him. “You’re going to take Lorraine to the dance, right?”

“I’m going to *drive* her to the dance, George,” Marty said, “but once we get there I’ll slip away and you’ll take my place.”





Saturday night finally arrived. Before he left for the dance, Marty tried again to warn Doc of his own death in 1985, but Doc refused to listen. Finally, Marty wrote a note warning Doc, and sealed it in an envelope that said: "Do not open until 1985." He hid the note in Doc's coat pocket.



Marty picked up Lorraine and drove her to the dance. As they were getting out of the car, Marty felt a strong hand on his shoulder. He turned around just in time to see Biff's fist as it knocked him out with one blow.

Biff's gang dragged Marty away while Biff pushed Lorraine back into the car.

"You're *my* date now, sweetheart!" Biff said to her.

"Leave me alone! You're hurting me!" Lorraine cried. Suddenly, Biff felt a hand on *his* shoulder. He turned around and saw George McFly looking up at him.

"What do you want, McFly?" Biff laughed. "Get out of here!"

George removed his hand from Biff's shoulder and looked down at the

ground. He almost apologized, but then he looked up and saw tears in Lorraine's eyes. George McFly knew what he had to do.

"You take your hands off her, Biff," George demanded.

This time Biff didn't laugh.

"I've had enough of you, McFly," Biff said. He grabbed George's arm and twisted it until George was bent over in pain.

"Maybe I'll break your arm and teach you a lesson," Biff said to him.

Lorraine got out of the car to help George, but Biff pushed her to the ground.

George made a fist with his left hand. He had never been so furious in his entire life. Suddenly he broke free of Biff's grip, pulled back his fist, and hit Biff with all of his might. Biff fell to the ground and stayed there.

"Are you all right, Lorraine?" asked George, as he helped her up off the ground.

"Yes, thank you," said Lorraine, now dreamy-eyed over George, her newfound hero.

Marvin Berry and The Starlighters' band members woke Marty in time for him to see George and Lorraine enter the school. He followed them into the dance.





Marty, who played guitar with a rock & roll band in 1985, joined Berry and The Starlighters for a song, since their guitarist hurt his hand during a break.

As it turned out, it was during this song that George and Lorraine kissed their fateful first kiss. Marty couldn't have been happier. History had been set straight. It was time for him to go.



As Marty left, George and Lorraine stopped him to say goodbye. "Thank you," said George, "for everything."

"Listen," said Marty. "If you ever have kids, and one of them accidentally sets fire to the living room rug when he's eight—go easy on him, OK?"

"Sure, Marty," said George.

"Marty," said Lorraine. "What a nice name."





“What is the meaning of this?” Doc Brown asked Marty when he arrived at the Town Square. Doc held the envelope with Marty’s note in his hand. He had discovered it in his coat pocket. “This is about the future, isn’t it, Marty?”

“It’s something that you have to know for your own good, Doc!” Marty insisted. Doc shook his head and tore up the envelope. Thunder rumbled close by.

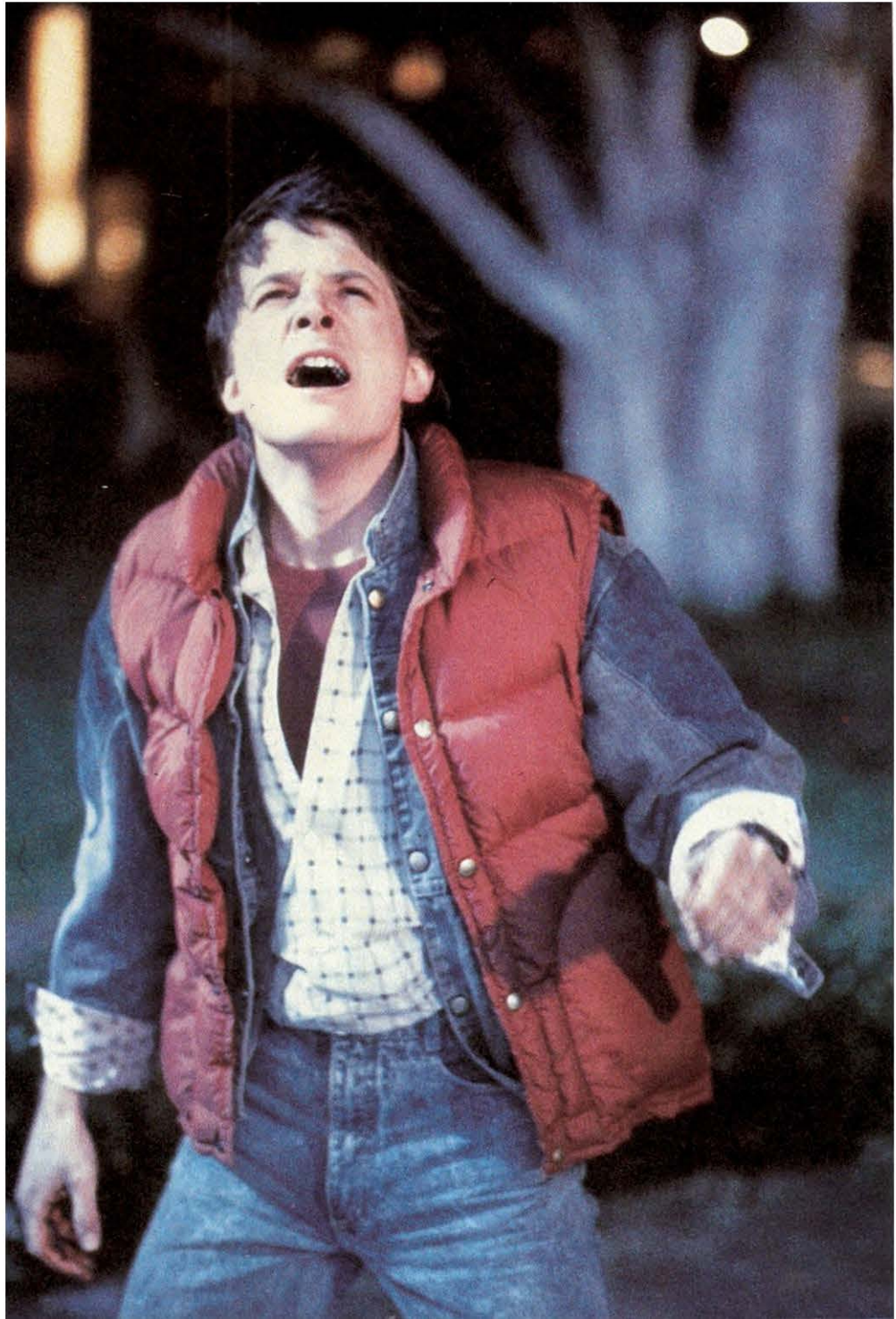
“I don’t want to hear about my future!” Doc told Marty again. “Absolutely not!”

Before Marty could argue with his friend, a wild wind tore the wire loose from the clock tower. Doc glanced at his watch and started to run toward the courthouse.

“It’s time for you to get into the time machine!” he yelled over the storm. “I’ll go back upstairs and secure that wire while you get ready for your run! Good luck, Marty! I’ll see you in 1985!”

“But, Doc!” Marty screamed. It was no use. Doc Brown could no longer hear him over the wind and the violent claps of thunder. Marty ran towards the time machine, knowing that he’d failed to warn Doc Brown of his murder at the hands of the criminal gang.

Then Marty had an idea. “I’ll go back ten minutes early and warn him!” he thought.







Marty adjusted the dials and turned the key to start the engine. He put his foot on the gas and the car jerked into motion. Faster and faster it went, flying down the street toward the courthouse and the Town Square. Just as Doc Brown reconnected the wire, the bolt of lightning struck the clock tower. At exactly 10:04 P.M., the time machine connected with the wire and received a powerful jolt of energy. Marty saw the car hit 88 miles per hour and felt it disappear in a blinding streak of colored light.



KABOOM! Marty was back in 1985, screeching the car to a halt. Suddenly the car's engine died.

Marty ran all the way to the mall but he was too late. He arrived just in time to witness Doc's murder for the second time.

Marty knelt over Doc's body.

"Why didn't you read my note, Doc?" Marty cried to the body of his friend. "Why didn't you accept my warning?"

“I did, Marty.”

Doc Brown sat up and pulled Marty’s note from his pocket. It was taped and ragged, and brown with age.

“Doc! You’re alive!” Marty exclaimed. “You saved my note after all! But how did you survive those bullets?”

Doc Brown pulled open his coat. “Bulletproof vest,” he said.



Doc Brown dropped Marty off at the McFly house.

“I’m going into the future now, Marty,” he told his young friend.

“Look me up when you get there, Doc,” said Marty.

The next morning Marty woke up in his own bed. He thought back on his incredible adventure. Little did he suspect the surprise that awaited him downstairs at the breakfast table.

“Good morning, Marty,” said his mother. “Did you have a good sleep?”





Marty could hardly believe his eyes—his mother was the correct age again, but she was still thin and beautiful! It was as if her entire life had somehow changed overnight.

Marty was speechless. His father was also changed. George McFly looked confident and athletic. He looked like he was on top of the world!

“Cat got your tongue, Marty?” George laughed.

“Oh, Marty’s just excited about his big date tonight with Jennifer. Aren’t you, Marty?” teased his mom. “She’s such a nice girl.” Marty felt like he had entered another world.

“Biff has your new four-by-four truck all polished and ready to go, son,” George said to Marty. “So you and Jennifer have a good time tonight.”

Marty ran out the front door and into the McFly garage. Sure enough, there was Biff, dressed in dirty overalls, polishing the four-by-four truck of Marty’s dreams.

“There’s your truck, Marty,” said Biff, pointing to the four-by-four. “I shined it real good for you, just like your dad told me to.”

Suddenly everything fell into place. Marty understood now why things were so different. Instead of being weak and helpless, George McFly had stood up to Biff and refused to be pushed around. Marty had changed the past after all. He had changed it for the better. Thanks to him, both of his parents grew up to be happy and confident.



“How about a ride, mister?” said a familiar voice behind Marty.

Marty turned and saw Jennifer standing in the driveway. He was so glad to see her that he gave her a big hug.

A moment later they both jumped in surprise at a sound like a thunderclap. KABOOM! The time machine appeared out of nowhere and squealed to a stop in the McFly driveway.

“Marty! Marty! You’ve got to come back with me into the future!”

It was Doc Brown, of course. He leaped out of the smoking time machine, dressed in strange clothing.

“What’s wrong, Doc?” Marty asked him.

“You’ve got to come back with me,” Doc said breathlessly. “And Jennifer should come, too, because this also involves her. It’s your kids, Marty—something’s got to be done about your kids!”



Without hesitation Marty and Jennifer joined Doc inside the time machine. Instead of driving it away, Doc touched a new switch and the car suddenly rose over the ground. It flew off in a brilliant burst of brightness and color, headed—**back to the future!**



An eccentric scientist's time machine hurls Marty McFly thirty years into the past! Join Marty on the journey of a lifetime, as he tries to set history straight, and make it—**BACK TO THE FUTURE!**

